The Christian Socialist

The Golden Rule Against the [redacted] of Gold

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THE TEN DAYS' SPRING CAMPAIGN

Did you know that we were in the midst of a ten days' campaign? or have you already sent in that sub? Do not fail to send at least one 25c sub for 3 months now. See page 4.

THE MEADOW LARK

By Mary Quinlan Laughlin

When dawn peeps through the veil of fading gray,
And vernal tints creep o'er the eastern sky,
The meadow lark, in tones triumphant high,
Salutes with song the fair, unfolding day;
No later effort equals this wild lay,
None, none contain such bursts of ecstasy,
Nor hold such liquid notes of melody,
As those that greet the climbing sun's first ray.

From out the meadows, on the glistening hills,
The various birds seem tuned by song and breeze,
For, when his glorious voice he grandly trills,
They mount the leafy limbs of lofty trees;
Sing as they may, a thousand choirs of these
Could never reach the lark's clear throated ease.

AS SOME DOTH QUESTION

By Mary Quinlan Laughlin

O heart of mine, why do not we endeavor
To learn a song from birds that sweetly sing?
Why do not we [illegible]
As nature does at each returning spring?

Oh for those happy days spent in the meadows!
Will childhood's faith sus[illegible]s never more?
Why do we ofttimes court the friendly shadows
Of overhanging cliffs along Life's shore?

Does some faint recollection of a sorrow
Or just chastisement we have undergone
On some dead planet make each fair tomorrow
A goal unsafe for love to build upon?

On future planes, will growth of soul make faster
Those waves of love that fashion human ties?
When will the spreading spirit of the Master
Make Mother Earth a human paradise?

MEXICO.

There's but one God in all of Space!
The Armies of the World shall prove
That fear removed from Mind leaves place
For nothing but the God of Love.
The Armies of the world have learned
That every fight is simply crime
To hide grave crimes, such as are spurned
By men of honor through all time.

And as the Armies gather fast
In Mexico, to fight—for what?
From 'round the world, there comes at last,
The thought-words: Comrades, struggle not!
Those foreign flags all simply hold
The rights of property supreme,
Cease cowardice—be manly—bold!
While hearts respond to Love!—God's theme.

Your officers are only slaves,
In great degree you make them act!
But everywhere the red flag waves—
God's bond of Love becomes a fact!
So call a meeting, act! en masse,
And put this question up for vote!
Have cringing cowards right to pass
In judgment on what flag shall float?

C. A. Strickland.

Ashland, Ore.

"S. O. S.—Save Our Souls"

A Sermon Preached by Rev. Frank Durwood Adams in the Central Universalist Church, Indianapolis

I fancy I can see her as she sails triumphantly along, the greatest ship ever built by the hand of man. Overhead twinkle the stars in a cloudless sky. Below the restless sea, almost without a ripple, calm as an inland lake, except for the waves thrown up by the mighty leviathan as she ploughs her thrilling way through the waters.

On board there is music, joy and laughter. Some have retired to rest, others stroll upon the decks, or chat in the lounging rooms. And the splendid ship goes hurling through the waters at a speed of thirty miles an hour.

Then there is a cry of warning, three bells, danger dead ahead, a shock, a quiver in every fiber of the vessel, and a long moment of breathless silence. Surprise, anxiety and fear sweep over twenty-five hundred souls. Men, women and children come crowding out upon the decks, floods of cold sea water pour through a great rent in the side of the ship, and a grim, massive, mocking iceberg moves silently, irresistibly away. Now there is a call for the life-boats. Life-belts are brought out and distributed. "Women and children first," is the stern command, enforced if need be by the flashing pistol, as the boats are filled and hurriedly lowered over the side. And in the little room where the instruments are the brave Jack Phillips, his steady hand on the key, pounds out incessantly the distress call of the sea, "S. O. S., S. O. S., Save our souls! Save our souls!"

The music has started up again, light opera, rag-time, the popular songs of the day. The heroic musicians are doing their best to prevent a panic. But the ship sinks lower and lower toward the water line. The life-boats, with their seven hundred souls, push away, leaving more than sixteen hundred to meet their certain doom. The bow plunges beneath the waves, there is a muffled explosion, and hundreds of men are seen leaping from the decks. Deck by deck the lights go out, the huge stern rises high in the air, and still the heart-breaking cry from the wireless, "Save our souls! Save our souls!"

The orchestra is still playing, but it's different music now. Hundreds of men on the doomed ship fall to their knees and lift their voices in broken song as the strains of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," come from the faltering instruments, and even the wretched women in the boats make a feeble attempt to join in the hymn. Then the last of the lights go out, another muffled explosion as the bulkheads give way, and the beautiful Titanic, monarch of the seas, slips noiselessly beneath the waves.

For one terrible minute there is silence. Then the air is rent with shrieks and groans and cries to God for help as the victims rise to the surface. Those in the boats thrust their fingers in their ears to shut out the cries, for they realize their pitiable inability to extend a helping hand. But even the groans and prayers die away little by little, and there is only the awful lonely silence of the sea. Men and women pull with benumbed hands and stony hearts at the oars, and the boats float out into the darkness, while 30, 25, 20 miles away the noble Carpathia, steaming heedless of her own danger at eighteen knots an hour, is speeding to the rescue.

There is no sound save the feeble dipping of the oars, the lapping of the waves against the life-boats, the muffled commands of the boats' captains, and the occasional cry of a widowed wife or a motherless child. Down in the depths of the sea, or floating stark upon its cold bosom, are 1,635 human bodies from whom life has forever fled, the great ship lies at the bottom of the ocean, and above in the heavens smile the stars, "The forget-me-nots of the angels."

I

The Psychology of the Disaster

Yes, it was a terrible tragedy. For days after it had happened it haunted me like a dreadful nightmare. Sleeping or waking I seemed to see the Titanic plunging, or about to plunge, into the waters with its helpless human freight. Yet, now, after a lapse of weeks, we are minded to wonder why it has gripped and thrilled and sickened us so.

The reasons are almost wholly psychological. All the circumstances were such as to appeal to the imagination; and wherever imagination holds sway there a profound impression is made. The suddenness of the tragedy strikes us. Nothing could be more unexpected. The sea was smooth, there was no wind, the sky was cloudless, the stars were shining. A few knew of the presence of ice near-by, but the passengers and crew were in blissful ignorance of danger. The traditional lightning out of a clear sky could not have created more consternation.

Besides being sudden, it was on a tremendously big scale. It was the greatest ship ever built by man; it was making a record voyage across the Atlantic; it had on board a list of passengers whose names sounded like a page torn from "Who's Who in America." Nobody thought the ship could sink, but when she went down she carried with her the largest number of victims ever lost in a disaster at sea. Everything about it was on a regular 20th century scale; and that means the greatest scale that history affords.

And how dramatic it was! If all the world is a stage, there was tragedy at its highest possible tension. Characters of world-wide reputation were on the stage. No master of pen or brush could have conceived such a setting—the greatest ship in all the world, sinking in two miles of water, two thousand human souls in jeopardy, the band playing, men and women performing deeds of heroism, farewells being spoken, lifeboats putting out to sea, the mocking mountain of ice slowly withdrawing into the night, and five hundred miles of open sea on every hand. Dramatic! The world has never seen the like in all the ages.

Then there is another reason, which to me at least, overshadows all the rest. That is the absolute helplessness of the victims. There was nothing they could do to save themselves. Above were the heavens, but they could not fly; below the icy waters, but it were idle to swim. Like all the world, they thought the Titanic could not sink; but when they saw her actually taking the fatal plunge they could only clutch at the empty air, and pray. Jack Phillips' frantic call, "Save our souls!" was but the echo of the wail that went up from 1,600 human souls staring full into the face of death, and with none to save.

That is why it has made such an appeal to our hearts. It was a sudden, great, dramatic hopeless situation; and though the vividness of the picture fades as time passes, it will not be effaced from our minds while we live.

II

Things That Are Worse

But there can be no better time than right now, while the tension of this tragedy is still upon us, to recognize that there are many conditions, some of them under our very noses, a great deal worse than this, though they do not make the same appeal to our imaginations The terrible **mine disasters,** that have occurred with heart-sickening frequency during the past two years or so, are immeasureably worse. And the toll of death has been much heavier. If I had to take my choice between death from suffocation by smoke, dust or gas in a mine explosion, down in the rayless depths of the bowels of the earth, and death by drowning in the clear, cold water of the Atlantic, under the stars, I'd take drowning every time. Wouldn't you? Yet there has been no such universal outcry over mine disasters, which are due, as we shall presently see, to exactly the same cause that sent the Titanic to the bottom.

About a year ago occurred the ghastly fire in the Triangle Shirt-Waist Factory, in New York City. Away up on the tenth floor of a sky-scraper, with no fire-escapes worthy the name, the exits all locked, and every means of escape cut off, 150 young women and girls were roasted to death or dashed to unrecognizable pulp when they leaped from the tenth-story windows. Wouldn't you a thousand times rather see your mother, wife, sister or daughter go down to death with the queen of the ocean than roasted to death like a rat in a trap? I would. Yet the Triangle fire, due to exactly the same cause, thrilled a small part of the nation a part of one day, though it was a hundred times more terrible than the foundering of a ship.

Child Labor

Every day of the world, twelve, fifteen, eighteen hours of the day, society faces the grim tragedy of **child-labor.** We see, not a few hundred doomed to a few minutes of death agony, but millions of little children chained without hope of release to the pitiless wheels of industry, while everything of beauty and worth is ground out of their poor lives forever. At the time of life when they should be playing in the sunshine, busy in the school, room, and developing physical, mental and moral power for the work of manhood and womanhood, they are kept at their tasks till the light leaves the eye, the color the cheeks, the buoyancy the step, and hope flees the heart. They rise from their poor beds at the break of day, snatch a bite of breakfast, and hurry off to work. They toil till the day is done, hurry back to the place they call home, eat a bit of supper, and drop into bed to sleep the sleep of utter exhaustion till the pitiless whistle calls them again to their task. Beside such lingering, leering murder, death in the ocean waters is tender mercy. Yet there is no universal outcry against this installment-murder of innocent childhood. The newspapers are not featuring it; there are no spectacular memorial services in memory of the helpless dead; no great relief funds, no Senatorial investigations. But the victims outnumber a **thousand** to one those who went down on the Titanic.

400 Female Victims Each Day

Just now the mayor of our city is much disturbed in mind as to what he shall do with the immoral houses and their inmates. Well-meaning men and women, religious men and women, are demanding that he shall do something to close up these places. But few, if any of them, or the mayor himself, so far as I can discover, seem to understand that the same merciless power that hurled the Titanic to the bottom of the sea and 1,600 souls into eternity is the identical power that feeds and fattens upon prostitution and the white-slave traffic. Or, if they do, none of the remedies proposed would indicate it. They rightly talk about the fate of the poor victims now concerned, but not a word about shutting off the supply.

And who is wrought up over this gigantic curse? The papers, if they were inclined to feature it, would be hushed up by prudery and certain other powerful influences. Congress had an investigation made once, but the report was suppressed as unfit for publication. But, talk about ocean disasters! It would take **a hundred Titanic wrecks every year** to equal the sacrifice demanded annually by this leering god of lust and greed! Do you get the force of that statement? I will say it again. **It would take a hundred Titanic wrecks every year to equal the sacrifice demanded annually by this leering god of lust and greed in the United States alone!** It has been shown by actual figures, based upon thorough investigation, that 120,000 of the daughters of men go **every year** down into the blackness of this unspeakable traffic. That means **400 every day,** thus, **every four days,** year in and year out, equalling the number swallowed up by the sea that terrible Monday morning. Four hundred every day of the girls of America go down to death—and such a death! Drowned in the ocean! Why, that is beautiful in comparison. Rather a million times see my little ones, with cold, stark, but innocent faces, floating upon the waves of the sea, than touched by this foulness, conceived of lust and born of devilish greed!

So I might continue. I might speak of countless railroad wrecks, of the white plague parasites of poverty, of the sweatshop, of the tenements, and that hopeless, helpless, grinding want that consumes annually the best life of one-fifth of our nation. But I forbear. None of these but is alone worse than countless foundering Titanics. Those who die by these social plagues die by inches, in a sordid, soul-killing environment; and they tumble into their nameless graves—in the Potter's Field, thousands of them—with their last, awful thought, "No man cares for my soul." But the victims of the ocean liner suffered for a few moments, in an heroic environment, sustained by their mutual courage and unselfishness, knowing that their loved ones who escaped would be tenderly cared for by a waiting, sympathetic world.

III

Lessons

Here beginneth the first lesson.

The underlying cause of it all is our social allegiance to the twin gods of Mammon, **speed** and **greed**; or, rather, let me say, to the great god Greed, and Speed, his hand maiden. Well spake the prophet, when he said, "The love of money is the root of all evil." Greed for profit built the greatest ship in the world, and equipped her for the greatest speed; greed for profit refused a sufficient number of life-boats, and even refused the man in the lookout a glass that he might foresee approaching danger; greed for profit ignored repeated warnings of icebergs ahead. Why? That the Titanic might break all records. Why? That the White Star Line might get their competitors' business. Why? That the White Star Line might declare greater dividends. No more terrible indictment of our modern competitive industrial system was ever written than this.

But it's the same old, old reason that underlies all these other more terrible evils I have named. Greed furnishes defective rails, whose breaking throws express trains into the ditch. Greed refuses safety devices in mines and factories. Greed grinds out the life of the little child-slave. Greed, by refusing a living wage, throws thousands of girls onto the street to keep body and soul together. Greed leases houses for immoral purposes, maintains the "pimp" and the "cadet," exploits tenements unfit for human habitation, conducts sweatshops, feeds tuberculosis and submerges one-fifth of the nation in a hopeless state of poverty. **Greed puts profit above human rights or human welfare, and makes human life and human character the cheapest things on the market.** And all this terrible, sickening, incessant sacrifice of man's most priceless gifts goes to feed the never-satisfied maw of the grinning, leering God of Seven Per Cent!

Brethren, it's time to apply the emergency brake!

God's Law Immutable.

We learn again from this disaster the lesson that **God's laws are immutable.** We thought we knew that before, but our conduct witnesses otherwise. In the ages of myth and fable the hand of God would have been represented as reaching out and saving the Titanic's men from a watery grave. But not so today. Humanity must pay the full price of its foolhardiness and vanity, the innocent with the guilty. That has been the law from the beginning, and will be forever. That mighty dictum that we teach, **the certainty of just retribution for sin,** stands out above the horizon of this horror like the iceberg that struck down the proud mistress of the seas. All human attempts to escape the working of that law are unavailing. Some save said, "But if God were a God of love, He would have interposed to save those who suffered for no fault of their own." Believe it not, my people. For God to do that would mean a universe of chaos. To miraculously save men from the consequences of sin would be to put a premium on sin. To have saved the Titanic by miracle, when the blind arrogance and greed of her owners had hurled her into the arms of a forewarned death, would mean the total submergence of human responsibility, and leave man at the mercy of a changing, fitful, capricious deity. That is not God's way. He has ordained certain great, immutable laws; He has created man so that he can learn, understand and abide by those laws; and if man does not obey, the penalty is death. Above the chaos of our man-marred world those laws stand unchanged and immutable, as the stars of heaven shone down that terrible night upon the chaos of the sea wrought by man's infatuated selfishness. It must be thus forever, and in no other way could God justify His love toward us. It will be thus till God's laws are universally obeyed; and the sooner those who prey upon their fellows realize this, the sooner will be ushered in the Kingdom of God.

Human Nature Sublime

And what a splendid demonstration we have had in this horror of the **innate nobility of mankind.** The pessimists who preach the doctrine of human degeneracy have had to lay their hands upon their mouths. Let him who bemoans the passing of the ages of chivalry take courage; for chivalry in its palmiest days offered nothing like this. Men died like men. The one conspicuous apparent exception was not an exception after all. **The cowardice of J. Bruce Ismay was due to the fact that the crisis did not find him in the way of duty. He was in the pursuit of gain. In his hands was the actual control of the ship. He might have saved the craft and its precious freight had he heeded the warning. But J. Bruce Ismay was there to see that the Titanic broke all records on her maiden trip, and upon his head rests the burden of responsibility. Is it any wonder he became panicky and jumped into a life-boat, while women and children drowned? Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all!**

But the men in the line of duty, the captain, whose pay for bringing the leviathan across would be less than $10 a day, the wireless operator, whose compensation is $20 a month, the officers and the crew—men who could hold up clean hands in the sight of God—these men were heroes, and feared not to die. The passengers, who had paid for safety as well as transportation, did not forget their manhood. Millionaire and peasant, soldier and civilian—there was scarce an exception. Men have said—and with the sanction of religion, God forgive them!—that human nature must be changed before the strong will cease to prey upon and trample over the weak. They have said that the only incentive to great deeds is the hope of personal gain. What a lie it is! This greatest of all sea horrors proves it a lie. **The man with a hundred million dollars stood aside and made room for his wife's serving maid. The man who has swayed continents with his pen gave place to a woman from the steerage. The railroad magnate remained on the sinking ship that a babe in arms might have his place in the life-boat.** Hope of personal gain, indeed! Here we have again the demonstration that no really great deed was ever performed from such sordid motives. It is splendid, splendid! Though terrible the price, the verdict of history will be that it has been worth all it cost.

Religion Not Dead.

Then, to me, one of the most heartening lessons is that **religion is not such a back number,** after all. I am discouraged in my soul often times at the small response to the spiritual appeal. Empty pews and dying churches are calculated to drive a sensitive preacher to madness. But a long, full look into men's hearts, such as this disaster affords, reassures me. There is a mighty significance in the fact that Jews and Christians, Protestants and Catholics knelt in a common group about a priest and repeated the rosary. It may not have been according to the custom of all, but it was the only available expression of the religious instinct. And men always act by instinct in moments of great crisis. The program of music played by the brave orchestra as the ship went down is very symbolical of our modern life. At first they played light operas, ragtime and the popular songs of the day, typical of the thoughtless, careless, selfish, lightheartedness that fills our lives from day to day. **But, in the face of the stern reality, standing in the presence of the great mystery that lies beyond the impenetrable curtain we call death, the music became a prayer, and on bended knees the orchestra played "Nearer, My God, to Thee!"**

And men are all like that when they face a crisis sufficiently great to compel a consideration of eternal issues. **Religion is not dead; even though the people are asleep.** The function of the church is not gone, and will never be gone until the lessons of fundamental morality, social justice and reverence of man for man, are learned. For on these, and these alone, hangs all harmony of man with God.

V
Conclusion

Now, in conclusion, let us observe this new evidence of the unshakeable **power of an ideal.** In their last moments the victims of the wreck were true to the ideals of the years that had gone. And by ideals I mean **the moral standards of conduct that we all worship in secret.** Those standards control action in critical hours, always and invariably. The strong died to save the weak because in their secret hearts they had always worshipped that ideal, however far they may have fallen short of it in practical life. And so great is the power of that ideal that the time is not far away when men will live, as well as die, in its spirit. We haven't come to this yet, socially at least, but we are approaching it. It is a heartsickening fact that dozens of those men who stepped heroically aside to make way for women and children in the boats had piled up immense fortunes by exploiting the necessities of women and children on land. Many men who would rather die than jostle a woman or a child in a life-boat had been drawing annual dividends from the proceeds of child-labor, and had fattened on the profits of those whose business it is to debauch womanhood. That is the horrible tragedy of it.

But the ideal is growing. And some day—a not too far distant day—the "unwritten law of the sea" will prevail also on the land. "The women, children and helpless first," will be the social watchword here as well as on the wave, the brotherhood of man will prevail, and the Kingdom of Heaven will be at hand. The ideal that governs men in their great moments will control them habitually. The dispatches tell us that Benjamin Guggenheim sent this message to his wife by a powerful swimmer just before the ship went down: **"Tell her," he said, "that this is a man's game, and I played it to the end. Tell her that no woman was left on board the ship because Ben Guggenheim was a coward."** Wasn't that splendid! And I foresee the approaching day when that will be the motto of all our human activities. I see the time coming when human welfare shall submerge the greed for profit and gain, and humanity shall say as one man: "This is a man's game. We'll play it like men, all the time, and we'll play it to the end." What a wonderful picture of the human heart in free action!

Hunger for God

And that other ideal that flashed up in the last hour, that clutched with such a grip upon our hearts, was man's hunger for harmony with God. They had worshipped that ideal in secret, or it would not have controlled them at the last. Always there, but denied, overshadowed, pushed aside by selfish, temporal interests, that hunger for harmony with God lives in the heart of every human creature. We try to laugh it away sometimes. With a great braggadocio we avow our freedom from such 'superstitions.' But it will not be still. Doubtless many of those 'emancipated' passengers on the Titanic smiled with ill-concealed scorn at the peasant girl telling her beads, or scoffed in open anger at the prophet crying out for social righteousness. But in the last grim moments they were there with all the rest, peasant and millionaire, on their knees, with hands upraised and agonized face uplifted, singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

My people, **man in his heart of hearts is godlike!** Let us confess it, and live evermore in the strength of that confession. **All the centuries of man's inhumanity to man has not effaced the image of God in his soul.** Rather, through the years, that glorious likeness has constantly risen triumphant over the beast, a pledge of the coming time when every created soul shall stand upright, beautiful and true in the splendid image of its Maker.

Not long before his death the late Ernest Crosby, whom to know was to love, wrote this fine poem. The sermon is all in it. There is no finer thought with which to close:

So he died for his faith. That is fine;
  More than most of us do.
But, say, can you add to that line
  That he lived for it, too?

In his death he bore witness at last
  As a martyr to truth.
Did his life do the same in the past,
  From the days of his youth?

It is easy to die. Men have died
  For a wish or a whim,
For bravado, or passion, or pride.
  Was it harder for him?

But to live—every day to live out
  All the truth that he dreampt,
While his friends met his conduct with doubt,
  And the world with contempt—

Was it thus that he plodded ahead,
  Never turning aside?
Then, we'll talk of the life that he lived;
  Never mind how he died.

German Socialism and Reform

By Rev. Paul Burgess, Berlin

It is claimed by many enemies of Socialism that it is a "whole hog or none" proposition. They tell us that the Socialists want us to forget about a heaven in the skies and work for one on earth, while all the while they have a heaven in the skies themselves, a sweet dream about a Co-Operative Commonwealth, just about as far away as the Christian heaven. And like the Christians whom they accuse of "other worldliness," they lay all the emphasis on this utopian future, often even opposing "reforms" designed to alleviate the present suffering around them. The more miserable the workers get the better, for the sooner the revolution will come.

Just what is the truth about this? A glance at German Socialism may help us to answer, for here we see best what Socialism will and can do for the worker even under a capitalistic form of Society.

In its official platform, the Socialist party stands for a number of reforms which vitally affect the working man, as, for example, an eight-hour day, a law against child labor, against night work, etc. Most of the labor unions are out and out Socialistic. The Socialist Party is in reality the Working Man's Party. And great strides have been made here by way of protecting the working man. He is safeguarded from overwork and from dangerous work much more effectively than in the United States. He is insured against sickness, accident and old age, and the heavy end of this insurance rests upon the employer. The worker and his family are aided in a hundred and one ways, some of which I hope to explain in a later letter.

But the point which the other parties try to make against the Socialists is just this, that the Socialist factions in the various law-making bodies have in nearly every case voted against the bills which were designed to carry out these acknowleded good measures.

The situation will be seen to be something like this: The Socialist Party long demands some law which will help lift the burden off the worker. The other parties laugh at it. Then public opinion gets roused up—another election is coming soon and the parties want to hold their constituents. So they frame a law in keeping with Socialistic principles and demands. The Socialist members of the body at once get busy and propose such amendments as will make the proposed law more effective. The Socialist amendments are for the most part voted down. The bill comes to a vote and the Socialists vote against it, not because they do not agree with its principles and not because they want to make the laboring man more miserable, but because they see it is going to pass anyway and they want it understood that they are not satisfied with half-way measures.

Where the Socialist votes are needed to make up a majority for a bill which looks to a further Socialization of Society, they will usually be given, however short it may come of the ultimate ideal. It is in cases where the other parties try to steal the Socialist thunder that the Socialists stand out for the ultimate ideal against the temporary reform.

And does someone say that this only proves the accusation made at the beginning? You are wrong, my friend. For only as the Socialist Party keeps its ultimate goal clearly before itself and the public will it accomplish its purpose. Let it be content with half-way reforms and it soon loses its vision. Let it keep its ultimate ideal fresh and vivid and it drags the other parties along in spite of themselves. This can be proved by actual instances:

One example is enough: The complete system of insurance against sickness, accident and old age which the conservative parties made into law in 1911 (just before the new elections) was first proposed by the Socialists just 30 years before.

If the Socialists had been content with half-way demands and reforms do you think this fine law would have ever passed? Not much. Thus this emphasis on the Utopian ideal after all helps the present condition of the working man most effectively.

Yes, we want evolution rather than revolution, and every little bit helps; but let us not be afraid of being too radical. Conservatives doubtless have their place in the divine economy, only that's not our place. Socialism may not come directly through the Socialist Party, but it will never come without such a party. And the stronger the Socialist vote the more chance the "insurgents" will have of putting through their half-way reforms. It may be at times that we ought to help them, but that's not our real business. Agitate for Socialism, the pure and unadulterated kind. So you serve the worker and the cause to the best advantage.

You are the pathfinder, the leader. Do your duty. The rest will be found trailing along behind at various intervals. This seems to be what German Socialism in its relation to "reform" would say to us.

THE CALL

The 20,000 subscribers and 50,000 readers of the CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST are called to heroice service. Every man of us must stand to his guns for the 10 days' test.

Send 25c for one 3 months sub. Some will do more. Let not any of us fail to send at least 25c with one name for one 3 months sub.

If every one responds as every Comrade should, this will tide the Christian Socialist over the summer, and we tell you frankly we need it. Act now.

The Socialist Crusaders

50,000 Subscribers by the Presidential Election

Great success to the Socialist Crusader Comrades who are doing something. According to the plan of the Socialist Crusaders "The one sending the largest number of subs by May 1, 1912, becomes leader of the Socialist Crusaders for that month; one sending the greatest number of subs during that month to become leader for the following month. The picture of these leaders, with short history of their life and conversion to Socialism to be published in the **Christian Socialist** each month."

Dr. A. F. Green of Ohio sent in the largest amount for subs, $10, during the month of April.

We regret very much that Comrade Green could not send us his photo, as we would like to have put his likeness in print.

He, by right of his labors, is the first leader of the Socialist Crusaders. Comrade, we congratulate you; and we prophesy for the Socialist Crusaders a great and a sweeping victory. The following is from Comrade Green. We wish him much joy and happiness in his work:

May 5, 1912.

Mr. A. F. Moseley,

My Dear Comrade: Replying to your complimentary letter, would say that I have not had my picture taken for many years, therefore I cannot send you my present likeness.

As to my conversion to Socialism, the story runs something like this:

Born in humble surroundings I keenly sensed the injustice of present-day commercial life from early childhood. In my youth the church seemed to me to have the balm for every evil, but later I found that it fails to right economic wrongs.

Also the Prohibition party for two decades held out to me great hopes for righting social ills. In this, too, I was disappointed.

Finally, after reading the Appeal to Reason—sent me by some unknown comrade—and after reading several Socialist books, I became a convert to Socialism. It is now about ten years since I was led into the economic light.

Fraternally,

(Signed) A. F. Green.

The following are names of those who are entitled to honorary mention, as those who come next in amount of subs sent in through the Socialist Crusaders; some larger amounts came in, but not through the Crusaders. These are people who act quickly. The plan was not under way until late in the month, but these comrades got busy.

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"Your plan for Socialist Crusaders is good. I hope it will work and grow like the Salvation Army, and that there will soon be several thousand Crusaders on the field and as a result of their work that many thousands will be reading the **Christian Socialist** and looking as eagerly for its coming as I do."—James Myron, California.

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Comrades, this is a contributor to true patriotism.

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A. F. Moseley, Adjutant.

RALLY!!! RALLY!!!

A ten days' Spring Campaign! A Spring Ingathering!

All ready! All together, for a whirlwind advance!

The 20,000 subscribers and 50,000 readers of the Christian Socialist are called to heroic service.

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Send 25 cents for one three months' sub—some will do more—but let not any of us fail to send at least 25 cents with one name for one three months' sub.

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It means much to us.

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We urge with all the power that Christian Socialism means—that every reader of the **Christian Socialist** do his or her part. Do not delay. Do it now.

H. P. MOYER,

President Co-Operative Printing Co.

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The Short Story

THE LOVE OF EUNICE

By Hazel Babbitt

We had climbed to the top of the highest of the hills surrounding the valley, and, as we gazed across the fertile fields and prosperous-looking villages, Eunice began to picture a Utopian old world with a new government, of which the Bible was the cornerstone and the teachings of Christ the only law required.

"Why is it that the workers cannot see that all the beauty and joy of life are as rightfully theirs as their economic master's? Some day they will see it, and, just as the sun, when it rises above these hills, pierces the mist in the valley and scatters it, the light of Socialism will pierce the fog surrounding the minds of the toilers, and they will come into their own. Then life will be a heaven and not a hell on earth."

Eunice spoke so passionately that it seemed to me I heard the Marxian call, bidding the slaves to rise and, with one mighty effort, break their chains. Presently she went on speaking, but in a calmer manner.

"It is queer that people should have to suffer so many hardships before they can see what ought to be as plain as the nose on their faces. The fact that a person cannot see his own nose without the aid of a mirror perhaps accounts for the fact that working people cannot see what is for their own good, and they cannot find a mirror to show them. Unless the laborer's food supply is in danger or his heart strings torn, he remains unapproachable.

"I suppose that if an all-wise Providence had not taken a hand in my affairs, I would still be the silly girl that I was five years ago instead of the strong woman I believe myself to be. Five years ago last February I met Hal, and, for some unaccountable reason, unless it be that opposites are attracted to each other, we became the warmest of friends. Our friendship grew and deepened and in May we became engaged. Then I faced serious questions for the first time in my life. The next dance or my newest dress were the only things I had ever considered seriously, and I knew as much about life as a kitten.

"When I learned that Hal received only twelve dollars a week for working about unprotected machinery in the lumber mill, my eyes opened in wonder. However, I thought that by a little economy we should get along very nicely, and, since we both desired a short engagement, plans were made for our wedding. Just at this time my rose-tinted dreams were shattered for father lost his job.

"The average wage paid by the telephone company to its operators is not a princely sum, being a matter of only a paltry thirty dollars a month. It was a problem calculated to make even the most learned mathematicians do some tall figuring, to clothe, shelter, and keep in working order three healthy bodies. By addressing envelopes for business firms, during my spare time, I managed to help my meager earnings, while mother did some fine embroidery which nearly ruined her eyes and brought small returns. All that summer and winter I worked hard without taking much recreation, despite Hal's efforts to get me to go out and forget my worries. The time I spent in pleasure seemed to me to be wasted for I needed all the money I could make. Before the winter was over that insatiable thirst for money had so fastened itself upon me that I begrudged the time given to Hal's visits, and I always had some embroidery handy when he came. Hal had desired to marry me during the winter, but I felt that I wanted to go to him at a time when father had work and I was free to do as I pleased. He got a job in the spring and then Hal said we would be married in June, making our home with my parents so that if they needed us we could help them. Father had no business ability, and, because he was honest, he believed everybody else to be the same. I knew that it would be a matter of a few months until they would be needing our help, for father had lost his previous position on account of his age.

"One day, two weeks before our wedding day, I was sitting at the switchboard and between the busy spells I would lapse into a day dream. I was only twenty-one, but the worried lines in my face and the gray which tinged my hair would have led one to suspect that I was at least thirty. When I looked at the little diamond which sparkled on my left hand, I felt that in the sunshine of Hal's love I would become my old self. My heart sang a joyous refrain to a tune of "Two Weeks," until the chief operator came to me and in a halting and frightened manner told me that there had been an accident at the mill and my Hal had been hurt.

"Walking as if in a trance I left the building and hurried to his home. Hal's mother, who was very delicate, had been prostrated by the news of the accident. Doctors and neighbors were getting in each other's way and Hal's father was trying to clear the house of all who didn't belong there. I stepped out of my trance for there was work to do, and I had become a very good manager in the months in which I had carried the family burdens.

"When I got a chance I asked one of the doctors, who had at one time been our family physician, what had happened.

"Why, Miss Eunice, has no one told you?"

I replied that they had not.

"Ah, dear child," he said, "you must be brave. Hal lost both of his hands while working around unprotected machinery in the mill."

"How easy it is to tell the other fellow to be brave when he lies prostrated, bleeding and crushed. The idea that Hal had lost both of those dear, toil-scarred hands was incredible and I pinched myself, thinking all the while that it was only a nightmare from which I would shortly awaken. Then the doctor gave me many tasks to keep me from thinking of myself.

"Words cannot describe the agony which we, who watched by his bedside, went through; the days in which prayers for that beloved life were continually on our lips, even though we knew he would be a helpless cripple. Then followed days when the skill of science could not prevent blood poisoning. The awful torture of those hours when he cried out in agony and we were powerless to help him wrung our hearts, until we prayed that Death, who alone could relieve him, might come quickly.

"It seems to me that I can remember every word that was spoken during that two weeks. The pitying glances of the neighbors when they saw me made the blood freeze in my veins. What did I want with their sympathy? No one but God could have given me the thing which I most desired, and I thought that He had not heard my prayers.

"The sun shone brightly on that day, which was to have been our wedding day, when we laid him to rest in the quiet cemetery at Somerdale. I could not believe that I would never again hear him call me by those pet names or look at me with those laughing black eyes. The shock seemed likely to kill Hal's mother, and, since his parents turned to me as they would have to their own daughter, I persuaded them to come to our house to live.

"Still I seemed to be no nearer realizing that it was not necessary for anyone to suffer as much as I had. One evening while out walking I came upon a Socialist street meeting. The speaker told of a recent mine disaster, then began to explain to the people that, so long as men were willing to work for a master they would have to work with the machinery which he provided, regardless of the danger to life. If they protested their master could get someone else to take their places.

"I stayed and listened during the rest of the meeting, for, though the speaker was not forceful and had little education, his logic was good, and at the conclusion of the speech I bought some literature. Hal had been a Socialist and many times he had talked to me of the work the Socialists were doing. I had listened because it was Hal who told me of it, but his words had never gone very deep. It is nearly four years since I heard that soap-boxer, and I have studied ever since, in order that I might help my fellow men to avert some of life's heartaches. You must go with me to the lumber camp where I and another comrade will speak tomorrow evening.

"If Hal could only know what I am doing, and encourage me when I am sad, I should get along better. But I like to think that he does know and is proud of me. This fight for my fellow workers and the love that I have for humanity, which would make me lose my own life, has so taken the place of the old love that I can truly say that I have learned to kiss the cross."

After Eunice stopped speaking we sat in silence for awhile, and I thought how many a heroine is clothed in the simple garb of a working girl. Then as we started down the hill into the valley, each occupied with her own thoughts, I heard Eunice murmur, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

A DISAGREEMENT

An Archbishop Disputes the Apostles

What Archbishop Ireland Says:

"The economic peril is within our doors," said Archbishop Ireland speaking at Galena, Ill., April 27. "Care is needed that it does not penetrate further into the household. Whatever leads to the disruption of the social organism is forbidden; that also is forbidden which ruins private property—the foundation stone upon which rests the social structure, the very core of life in human effort and human aggrandizement, whether in the individual or the collectivity."

* * *

"And so, say what we will, men will never share alike in the ownership of the things of earth. Equal in ownership today, tomorrow they will be unequal—for the possession of the things of the earth is the reward of things that are necessarily unequal—personal talent and personal energy."

What St. Luke Says:

"And all that believed were together, and had all things common; and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need."—Acts 2:44-45.

* * *

"And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul; neither said any of them that ought of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common. . . . Neither was there any among them that lacked; for as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold and laid them down at the apostles' feet; and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need."—Acts 4:32-35.

Evidently Archbishop Ireland is not in the "Apostolic Succession," as he seems to have given up his Master's purpose as a bad job; for the Christian religion and the Christian Church were founded to bring the whole human race to that condition of "one heart and of one soul" and one common inheritance and possession described by St. Luke and other early Christian writers.

THIS IS THE LAST BUGLE CALL FOR THE TEN DAYS SPRING CAMPAIGN.

Send that sub in now. You will be on time. Do not be left out. We need you. Send at least one 25c sub for 3 months now. Reader, Comrade, this means you, now. See page 4.

A PRESCRIPTION FOR SUCCESS

M. J. C.

To be successful and acclaimed great,
These precepts observe, early and late:
From your mind banish all thoughts that are vain—
All foolish thoughts that conduce not to gain.
Then steel your heart and your conscience smother.
Shed no vain tears o'er a fallen brother.
Be deaf and be blind to all things but pelf,
Thinking first, last, always, of none but self.

The Antidote

The success that you can boast of: a beast's, no more.
To the plane of the beast you've fallen—and lower!
If cruelty, cowardice, hypocrisy
Today spell success, then 'tis failure for me!
With the weak and oppressed I here take my stand,
To help them incessant with brain, heart and hand.
For Freedom and Justice I'll fight while I've breath,
Though the reward be but suffering and death.

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NO BILLS FOLLOW THE CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST. If you get it REGULARLY, someone has paid for it. When your subscription expires we will notify you and STOP THE PAPER if you do not renew. If you receive a sample copy it is an invitation to subscribe at once.

Please do not send stamps for subscriptions or bundle orders above 50 cents. Do not send personal checks for less than $10.00, as we have to pay exchange on all checks, unless you add 10 cents for exchange. We cannot be responsible for any money sent in letters. Use bank drafts, postoffice money orders or express orders.

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Rev. Edward Ellis Carr

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[illegible]

AN OLD FRIEND GONE

Mrs. Margaret Vater Longley, of Pasadena, Cal., a long time friend and supporter of the **Christian Socialist**, departed this life April 16. Though more than eighty years of age, she was accustomed to secure subscriptions for the **Christian Socialist** and to buy bundles of the papers which she distributed faithfully. Her works do praise her.

What a long list of faithful friends we now have in the "better land." May God bless them forever, and give us a happy meeting with them all some day.

A FOOLISH PRIEST

The **Catholic Tribune** confirms the report that Rev. John L. Belford of Brooklyn, N. Y., declared in his parish paper concerning the Socialist agitator: "He is more dangerous than cholera or smallpox—yes, he is the mad-dog of society and should be silenced, if need be, by the bullet." Then the **Tribune** adds folly to folly and pours oil on the flames of bigotry and hate by trying partly to explain away the insane utterance of Father Belford and partly to justify it.

One might think that the fate of the Roman Catholic Church in Italy, France and Spain would prove a warning against ecclesiastical bulldozing of the common people and defense of mammon against man; but it is evident that many Roman priests and bishops of America, relying upon the tolerant idea prevalent here that "the Roman Church in America is different from what it is in Europe," are determined to use the voting power of the church to cripple our public schools, keep working people down in poverty and slavery, and control American politics in the interest of the Roman hierarchy. To a vast and alarming extent the Roman church is already accomplishing these baleful results, and it is time for wide-awake Americans to sound the alarm and make a stand against the domination of American politics by Roman priests who hold supreme allegiance to a foreign potentate.

On the other hand, those saner priests and laymen of the Roman Catholic church, who believe in a true American Catholicism with new world ideals of liberty, equality and fraternity for the common people, should use their influence mightily to prevent their beloved Church from making the ruinous mistake of arrogant intolerance toward popular education and freedom in America that it has made in Italy, France and Spain. For, if the American people become really convinced that the Roman Church is plotting the overthrow of American education and freedom they will be more relentless against the hierarchy than were the people of France or Spain.

Too much incendiary talk against the

The Socialist Crusaders

50,000 Subscribers by the Presidential Election

Great success to the Socialist Crusader Comrades who are doing something. According to the plan of the Socialist Crusaders "The one sending the largest number of subs by May 1, 1912, becomes leader of the Socialist Crusaders for that month; one sending the greatest number of subs during that month to become leader for the following month. The picture of these leaders, with short history of their life and conversion to Socialism to be published in the **Christian Socialist** each month."

Dr. A. F. Green of Ohio sent in the largest amount for subs, $10, during the month of April.

We regret very much that Comrade Green could not send us his photo, as we would like to have put his likeness in print.

He, by right of his labors, is the first leader of the Socialist Crusaders. Comrade, we congratulate you; and we prophesy for the Socialist Crusaders a great and a sweeping victory. The following is from Comrade Green. We wish him much joy and happiness in his work:

May 5, 1912.

Mr. A. F. Moseley,

My Dear Comrade: Replying to your complimentary letter, would say that I have not had my picture taken for many years, therefore I cannot send you my present likeness.

As to my conversion to Socialism, the story runs something like this:

Born in humble surroundings I keenly sensed the injustice of present-day commercial life from early childhood. In my youth the church seemed to me to have the balm for every evil, but later I found that it fails to right economic wrongs.

Also the Prohibition party for two decades held out to me great hopes for righting social ills. In this, too, I was disappointed.

Finally, after reading the Appeal to Reason—sent me by some unknown comrade—and after reading several Socialist books, I became a convert to Socialism. It is now about ten years since I was led into the economic light.

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"When I got a chance I asked one of the doctors, who had at one time been our family physician, what had happened.

"Why, Miss Eunice, has no one told you?"

I replied that they had not.

"Ah, dear child," he said, "you must be brave. Hal lost both of his hands while working around unprotected machinery in the mill."

"How easy it is to tell the other fellow to be brave when he lies prostrated, bleeding and crushed. The idea that Hal had lost both of those dear, toil-scarred hands was incredible and I pinched myself, thinking all the while that it was only a nightmare from which I would shortly awaken. Then the doctor gave me many tasks to keep me from thinking of myself.

"Words cannot describe the agony which we, who watched by his bedside, went through; the days in which prayers for that beloved life were continually on our lips, even though we knew he would be a helpless cripple. Then followed days when the skill of science could not prevent blood poisoning. The awful torture of those hours when he cried out in agony and we were powerless to help him wrung our hearts, until we prayed that Death, who alone could relieve him, might come quickly.

"It seems to me that I can remember every word that was spoken during that two weeks. The pitying glances of the neighbors when they saw me made the blood freeze in my veins. What did I want with their sympathy? No one but God could have given me the thing which I most desired, and I thought that He had not heard my prayers.

"The sun shone brightly on that day, which was to have been our wedding day, when we laid him to rest in the quiet cemetery at Somerdale. I could not believe that I would never again hear him call me by those pet names or look at me with those laughing black eyes. The shock seemed likely to kill Hal's mother, and, since his parents turned to me as they would have to their own daughter, I persuaded them to come to our house to live.

"Still I seemed to be no nearer realizing that it was not necessary for anyone to suffer as much as I had. One evening while out walking I came upon a Socialist street meeting. The speaker told of a recent mine disaster, then began to explain to the people that, so long as men were willing to work for a master they would have to work with the machinery which he provided, regardless of the danger to life. If they protested their master could get someone else to take their places.

"I stayed and listened during the rest of the meeting, for, though the speaker was not forceful and had little education, his logic was good, and at the conclusion of the speech I bought some literature. Hal had been a Socialist and many times he had talked to me of the work the Socialists were doing. I had listened because it was Hal who told me of it, but his words had never gone very deep. It is nearly four years since I heard that soap-boxer, and I have studied ever since, in order that I might help my fellow men to avert some of life's heartaches. You must go with me to the lumber camp where I and another comrade will speak tomorrow evening.

"If Hal could only know what I am doing, and encourage me when I am sad, I should get along better. But I like to think that he does know and is proud of me. This fight for my fellow workers and the love that I have for humanity, which would make me lose my own life, has so taken the place of the old love that I can truly say that I have learned to kiss the cross."

After Eunice stopped speaking we sat in silence for awhile, and I thought how many a heroine is clothed in the simple garb of a working girl. Then as we started down the hill into the valley, each occupied with her own thoughts, I heard Eunice murmur, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

A DISAGREEMENT

An Archbishop Disputes the Apostles

What Archbishop Ireland Says:	What St. Luke Says:
"The economic peril is within our doors," said Archbishop Ireland speaking at Galena, Ill., April 27. "Care is needed that it does not penetrate further into the household. Whatever leads to the disruption of the social organism is forbidden; that also is forbidden which ruins private property—the foundation stone upon which rests the social structure, the very core of life in human effort and human aggrandizement, whether in the individual or the collectivity."	"And all that believed were together, and had all things common; and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need."—Acts 2:44-45.
* * *	* * *
"And so, say what we will, men will never share alike in the ownership of the things of earth. Equal in ownership today, tomorrow they will be unequal—for the possession of the things of the earth is the reward of things that are necessarily unequal—personal talent and personal energy."	"And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul; neither said any of them that ought of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common. . . . Neither was there any among them that lacked; for as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold and laid them down at the apostles' feet; and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need."—Acts 4:32-35.

Evidently Archbishop Ireland is not in the "Apostolic Succession," as he seems to have given up his Master's purpose as a bad job; for the Christian religion and the Christian Church were founded to bring the whole human race to that condition of "one heart and of one soul" and one common inheritance and possession described by St. Luke and other early Christian writers.

THIS IS THE LAST BUGLE CALL FOR THE TEN DAYS SPRING CAMPAIGN.

Send that sub in now. You will be on time. Do not be left out. We need you. Send at least one 25c sub for 3 months now. Reader, Comrade, this means you, now. See page 4.

A PRESCRIPTION FOR SUCCESS

M. J. C.

To be successful and acclaimed great,
These precepts observe, early and late:
From your mind banish all thoughts that are vain—
All foolish thoughts that conduce not to gain.
Then steel your heart and your conscience smother.
Shed no vain tears o'er a fallen brother.
Be deaf and be blind to all things but pelf,
Thinking first, last, always, of none but self.

The Antidote

The success that you can boast of: a beast's, no more.
To the plane of the beast you've fallen—and lower!
If cruelty, cowardice, hypocrisy
Today spell success, then 'tis failure for me!
With the weak and oppressed I here take my stand,
To help them incessant with brain, heart and hand.
For Freedom and Justice I'll fight while I've breath,
Though the reward be but suffering and death.

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AN OLD FRIEND GONE

Mrs. Margaret Vater Longley, of Pasadena, Cal., a long time friend and supporter of the **Christian Socialist**, departed this life April 16. Though more than eighty years of age, she was accustomed to secure subscriptions for the **Christian Socialist** and to buy bundles of the papers which she distributed faithfully. Her works do praise her.

What a long list of faithful friends we now have in the "better land." May God bless them forever, and give us a happy meeting with them all some day.

A FOOLISH PRIEST

The **Catholic Tribune** confirms the report that Rev. John L. Belford of Brooklyn, N. Y., declared in his parish paper concerning the Socialist agitator: "He is more dangerous than cholera or smallpox—yes, he is the mad-dog of society and should be silenced, if need be, by the bullet." Then the **Tribune** adds folly to folly and pours oil on the flames of bigotry and hate by trying partly to explain away the insane utterance of Father Belford and partly to justify it.

One might think that the fate of the Roman Catholic Church in Italy, France and Spain would prove a warning against ecclesiastical bulldozing of the common people and defense of mammon against man; but it is evident that many Roman priests and bishops of America, relying upon the tolerant idea prevalent here that "the Roman Church in America is different from what it is in Europe," are determined to use the voting power of the church to cripple our public schools, keep working people down in poverty and slavery, and control American politics in the interest of the Roman hierarchy. To a vast and alarming extent the Roman church is already accomplishing these baleful results, and it is time for wide-awake Americans to sound the alarm and make a stand against the domination of American politics by Roman priests who hold supreme allegiance to a foreign potentate.

On the other hand, those saner priests and laymen of the Roman Catholic church, who believe in a true American Catholicism with new world ideals of liberty, equality and fraternity for the common people, should use their influence mightily to prevent their beloved Church from making the ruinous mistake of arrogant intolerance toward popular education and freedom in America that it has made in Italy, France and Spain. For, if the American people become really convinced that the Roman Church is plotting the overthrow of American education and freedom they will be more relentless against the hierarchy than were the people of France or Spain.

Too much incendiary talk against the

movement to save the common people from slavery and want and too much meddling in American politics will doom the Roman church in this country to the vengeance of an outraged people in the day of their power which is rapidly approaching. The bigotry blinded priests are leading a blindfolded laity directly toward the ditch of failure, ruin and shame. And upon the loyal priests and laymen of the Roman church who do see, falls the tremendous responsibility of arousing the church to a sense of its mistake and peril.

The People will be victorious whatever befalls the Church. But we pray that our country may be saved from a religious war such as depopulated France and Germany a few centuries ago. Yet Socialism is worth a thousand wars, and its coming is inevitable, whether the Church appeals to the bullet or the ballot. And True Catholics will fall into line with the Social Revolution as soon as they learn what it is, regardless of the incendiary opposition of excited priests.

SUNDAY

As wife and I were riding along a country road near town enjoying the afterglow of the evening sky, the miners came trooping from their pits, grimy black with coal dust and odoriferous with sweat, hurrying to get home before dark.

"Why do they work so late?" she asked in tones of mingled sympathy and indignation.

"Because there is profit in it for the mine owners," I testily replied.

"What time do they go to work?" inquired she.

"At seven," I said; "but many have far to come, and all must get up early in order to get breakfast and arrive on time."

Then as I mused a new fancy glinted across my mind as the last glow of evening brightened the clouds, and I meditated aloud:

"I've just found out why they call it 'Sunday': Because the workers in mines and mills, shut in during the bright hours amid darkness and dirt, go home after sundown, eat supper, love wife and children wearily for a brief while, go to sleep, get up early, gulp a hasty breakfast and hurry away to work before the sun is fairly risen. They live and work in gloom during all the week. The one day of rest in seven is the only time they can enjoy the bright, warm, fresh world outside. No wonder they call it 'Sunday.'"

"But some time," she ventured with a tinge of tears in her note of hope, "all the people may enjoy the glorious sun and exhilarating open air every day."

"Yes," I replied, "and then perhaps Sunday may become a real Sabbath, a day of sacredness and soul rest. Until then its best use is as a day of recreation. And now may God bless the working people in all healthful Sunday rest and play."

"But the preachers in general would think you are a pagan if they heard you express such sentiments," she exclaimed wistfully.

"Perhaps," answered I; **"but until the preachers line up with the working classes against their oppressors and exploiters and insist upon short hours of labor with frequent half holidays and the full product of their toil, it makes little difference what they think.** The hirelings of mammon hold no brief for the poor whom Christ called blessed."

Then I thought of Nehemiah's brave and effective protest against Sabbath day toil by the poor and could not but believe that God would give modern preachers full success if they dared imitate his loyal service to mankind:

"In those days saw I in Judah some treading wine presses on the Sabbath, and bringing in sheaves, and lading asses; as also wine, grapes and figs, and all manner of burdens, which they brought into Jerusalem on the Sabbath day; and I testified against them in the day wherein they sold victuals.

"There dwelt men of Tyre also therein, which brought fish, and all maner of ware, and sold on the Sabbath unto the children of Judah, and in Jerusalem.

"Then I contended with the nobles of Judah, and said unto them: What evil thing is this that ye do, and profane the Sabbath day? Did not your fathers thus, and did not our God bring all this evil upon us, and upon this city? Yet ye bring more wrath upon Israel by profaning the Sabbath.

"And it came to pass that when the gates of Jerusalem began to be dark before the Sabbath I commanded that the gates should be shut, and charged that they should not be opened till after the Sabbath; and some of my servants set I at the gates **that there should no burden be brought in on the Sabbath day.** So the merchants and sellers of ware lodged without Jerusalem once or twice.

"Then I testified against them, and said unto them: Why lodge ye about the wall? If ye do so again, **I will lay hands on you.** From that time forth came they no more on the Sabbath."—Neh. 15:13-21.

And I wondered if many a modern preacher, more anxious to get place and comfort by catering to the well-to-do than to do God's will toward the working class, does not often hear thundering through his own troubled spirit, the burning words of God in Isaiah which are so applicable today:

Hear ye the word of the Lord,
Ye rulers of Sodom!
Give ear unto the law of our God,
Ye people of Gommorrah!

"To what purpose is the mutitude of your sacrifices unto me?"
Saith the Lord.
"I am full of the burnt offerings of rams,
And the fat of fed beasts;
And I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs,
Or of he goats.

"When ye come to appear before me,
Who hath required this at your hand,
To tread my courts?
"Bring no more vain oblations;
Incense is an abomination unto me;
The new moons and sabbaths,
The calling of assemblies, I cannot away with;
It is iniquity, even the solemn meeting.

"Your new moons and your appointed feasts
My soul hateth;
They are a trouble unto me;
I am weary to bear them.

"And when ye spread forth your hands
I will hide mine eyes from you;
Yea, when ye make many prayers,
I will not hear!
Your hands are full of blood.

"Wash you! Make you clean!
Put away the evil of your doings
From before mine eyes.
Cease to do evil; learn to do well.
Seek judgment; relieve the oppressed;
Judge the fatherless; plead for the widow."

—Isaiah 1:10-17.

For Young Crusaders

Conducted by M. Kathryn Spiers, 901 W. Main St., Richmond, Va.

WHAT IS THE ANSWER?

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee?
Or a key for a lock of his hair?
Can his eyes be called an academy
Because there are pupils there?
In the crown of his head what gems are set?
Who crosses the bridge of his nose?
Can he use when shingling the roof of his mouth
The nails on the ends of his toes?

—The Continent.

* * *

LITTLE FOXES

Among my tender vines I spy
A little fox named "by and by;"
Then set upon him quick, I say,
The swift young hunter, "Right away."

Around each tender vine I plant
I find the little fox, "I can't;"
Then, fast as ever hunter ran,
Chase him with bold and brave "I can."

"No use trying," lags and whines
This fox among my tender vines;
Then drive him low and drive him high,
With this good hunter named "I'll try."

Among the vines in my small lot
Creeps in the young fox "I forgot;"
Then hunt him out and to his den
With "I will not forget again."

A little fox is hidden there,
Among my vines named "I don't care;"
Then let "I'm sorry"—hunter true,
Chase him afar from vines and you.

A. H. Morrell.

HONEY-ANTS AND THEIR HOMES

Honey-ants are small red insects, and are found in Mexico and Texas and as far north as Colorado. Their nests are large rounded mounds, or in some cases low heaps, covering twenty or thirty square feet. The ants as a rule work all night, and sometimes by day, for they appear to be the most active and industrious of ants.

Of all the household utensils used by living creatures, the queerest, without doubt, are the living bottles of the honey-ant. The insects, as their name shows. live upon honey, or sweet, sirupy fluid from plants; but although ants are bright enough as builders and shepherds or cattlekeepers, and as farmers, they have never learned from their cousins, the bees, to make vessels in which liquid can be stored, and the question arises how their food is to kept after it is collected. The honey-ant thinks of a plan all his own.

Some of the larger ants are used as holders of the honey-food supply, and are turned into honey-bottles, the liquid food being forced by the workers into the crop of the living bottle until the ant looks like an amber-colored currant or berry with a small stem, consisting of the fore part of the body with the legs of the insect.

The honey-bearers are made quite helpless by this means, but are carefully cared for by their companions. They are kept in chambers built for them, about six inches long by four in height. Here they cling to the ceiling, their full crops hanging down like clusters of small grapes.

The working ants fill their bodies with honey and juices, and going to the store rooms deliver it up to the honey-bearers, who keep it till it is needed; for when the other ants are hungry they go to the dark chamber and are supplied from the "bottles" with all they want. The bodies of the honey-bearers are formed by nature for the purpose, being covered with plates that spread apart when their bodies are swelled out.

Not only do the honey-bottles furnish food for their brothers and sisters, but also for human beings. They are used as we would use grapes or currants by the natives of Mexico. A plate of these ants is set before a guest who eats them as he would grapes.—"Curious Homes and Their Tenants."

* * *

HERE ARE SOME "SURE ENOUGH" LITTLE CRUSADERS

Sedan, Kansas, Feb. 26, 1912.

Dear Aunt Kathryn:—

I am a little boy seven years young, and going to school at home to my mamma. In five weeks I have read through two primers and a good ways in three First Readers. I never read before. Mamma thinks I can read in the Second Reader by April. I like to cut out pretty pictures, and have a big box full of them. I will make some picture books to give to some little boys or girls, some time. I am learning to sing "My Papa is a Socialist," and think I will sing it when Comrade Berger comes in May to speak. My mamma is a music teacher, so I think I will take lessons soon. I like to go with papa to the fields. I think I like to make garden best of anything. When my mamma tucks me in bed, she whispers to me: "How glad we will be when there are enough Socialists to see that all papas are well paid for their work, so that all little children will have plenty of food, clothes, and all things they need to make them happy." That is why I am a Socialist. I think I will be like my papa when I am a man, and not chew tobacco, drink whiskey or swear. On cold days this winter I made a big doll's quilt, and learned to take quite small stitches. Mamma reads the little comrade's letters to me.

Your little comrade,
Willard H. Hobson.

Dear Aunt Kathryn:—

I am five, and grow so fast mamma says her baby has changed to a big little man. I don't cry very often, and feel nearly big enough to go to school. When I do go I want my mamma to teach at our school so I can go with her. She was a teacher before I came to live with her. I am a Socialist because I hear papa and mamma talk so much about it. I asked my mamma to send Socialist books to all the bosses and kings (of finance) so all the papas and mammas can buy more homes and nice things to make all the little children happy. I like to speak pieces to the people. Mamma will send my pieces to you.

Your little comrade,
Karl Victor Hobson.

Thank you, darling little comrades, for your lovely letters, and the pieces. We are very glad, indeed, to have them, and I hope all the other little Crusaders of the same age will learn them, and speak them at some Socialist meetings, and write us about it. Here they are:

* * *

Why should I learn to smoke or chew?
No reason good I know;
It helps not body, heart or soul,
And is it manly? No!
Why should I not? It injures health,
'Tis filthy, leads to sin;
Costs money, time and intellect—
No, No! I'll not begin.

I think that every mother's son,
And every father's daughter,
Should drink, at least till twenty-one,
Just nothing but cold water;
And after that they might drink tea,
But nothing any stronger.
If all folks would agree with me,
They'd live a great deal longer!

MA CAN'T VOTE

Ma's a graduate of college,
And she's read 'most everything;
She can talk in French and German,
She can paint and she can sing.
Beautiful? She's like a picture!
When she talks she makes you think
Of the sweetest kind of music,
And she doesn't smoke or drink.
Oh, I can't begin to tell you,
All the poems she can quote,
She knows more than half the lawyers,
But Ma can't vote.

When pa is writing letters,
Ma must always linger near,
To assist him in his spelling,
And to make his meaning clear.
When he needs advice, her judgment,
He admits, is often best;
Every day she gives him pointers,
Mostly at his own request.
She keeps track of legislation,
And is taxed on bonds and stocks,
But she never gets a "look-in,"
At the sacred ballot box!

The S. S. Lesson

LESSON FOR MAY 26

Truthfulness. Matt. 5:33-37. James 3:1—12:5:12

GOLDEN TEXT: Putting away falsehood, speak ye the truth each one with his neighbor; for we are members one of another. Eph. 4:25.

The Truth

"Truth has been distinguished as **Scientific truth**, consisting in conformity of thoughts to things; **Moral truth**, consisting in the correspondence of words with thoughts; and **Logical truth**, consisting in the coherency and self-consistency of the thoughts themselves." Truth is as wide as the world of fact. It is all-inclusive and comprehends things physical and metaphysical, theological and anthropological, sociological, economic and politic. Truth is the world of reality.

There are two classes of truth, absolute and relative. An absolute truth is conformity of thought, relation or statement with universal and changeless reality. A relative truth is conformity of thought, speech or relation with local and temporary fact. Relative truths change with changing events. What is true today is false tomorrow. Absolute truth is the same yesterday, today and forever. It is universal and eternal.

Truthfulness is a state of being true as respects being, knowledge or speech. It is conformity with reality, past, present or future. It is conformity to rule, standard, model or ideal. Or conformity to the requirements of one's being or nature.

> "To thine own self be true;
> And it must follow, as night the day,
> Thou can'st not then be false to any man."

To be absolutely truthful one must necessarily be, in relation, judgment and speech, in strict accord with reality. The evidence and power of truth lie not in solemn oaths and loud protestations but in rigid conformity to things as they are.

Jesus emphatically told His disciples they could not add or subtract from the force of truth by sworn statements; and that, therefore, their speech should be, "Yea, Yea, and Nay, Nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil."

Truth and Religion

God is the God of truth. Truth is a Divine attribute. It is the nature of God to be truthful in all His relations and utterances and faithful in all His ways. Jesus declared God Spirit and they that would worship Him must worship Him in Spirit and truth.

Just prior to the death of Jesus, He said to His disciples: "I will pray the Father and He will send you another advocate, even the Spirit of Truth whom this (mammonistic) world neither desires nor can receive." And again: "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. However, when He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He shall guide you into all the truth."

To stand for and preach the truth is also the chief function of the church. "Consecrate them," prayed the Christ, "to the truth: thy word is truth."

It is quite evident that true Biblical religion is a true champion of the truth. The "world" may love darkness because of its thriving practices, but religion demands the light. God and His Christ loveth the truth and demand the truth. True religion has no fellowship with lies and superstititon. It rejoiceth not in iniquity and falsehood, but rejoiceth in the truth. It demands that men everywhere shall speak the truth in love one to another.

It is the business of the church to preach the truth, all the truth and nothing but the truth.

The Bible sets its face like flint against a lie and the liar. A false statement is a lie whether it is uttered in the court room, church, state, store or home; and it is condemned in the severest language. A liar is liar whether he be prophet, priest, king, judge, politician or business man; and he is consigned to the bottomless pit of hell. Lying is an abomination unto the Lord. The liar is unworthy a place in the kingdom of God. Lying is classed as a heinous sin, and liars with whoremongers, thieves and murderers. **Hear what the book says.**

Said Moses: "Ye shall not steal, neither deal falsely, **neither lie one to another. Ye shall not swear by my name falsely.**"

Suppose modern society had a law like this, properly executed, how much would our American millionaires have after they had restored all the principal, with one-fifth of the amount added for interest, they have fleeced from the people by lies, fraud or force?

Hosea said: "Jehovah hath a controversy with the inhabitants of the land because there is no truth in the land. By swearing, by lying, and killing, and stealing, and committing adultery, they break out, and blood toucheth blood." And Nahum pronounces, "Woe to the bloody city! for it is full of lies and robbery." What a picture, not only of ancient Jerusalem, but also of the cities of the Twentieth century A. D.!

In the last two chapters of the last book of the Bible the aged apostle saw liars, with others of their class, outside the Holy City, consigned to hell. These are his words: "The fearful and unbelieving, and abominable, and murderers, and fornicators, and sorcerers, and idolates, **and all liars**, their part shall be in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone." Said he again: "Without are the dogs, and the sorcerers, and the fornicators, and the murderers, and the idolaters, **and every one that maketh and loveth a lie.**" Liars keep splendid company!

If ancient liars went to hell where will the modern liars go? If in the past a competitive social order compelled men to lie for personal advantage and gain, what does it do in the present? If capitalism populated hell yesterday does it do less today? If capitalism is the destroyer of purity and veracity and loyalty it is high time that it should perish from the earth.

Capitalism Against Truthfulness

Capitalism is not only unchristian, but positively anti-christian. It is dead against the first principle and demand of Biblical religion. **Capitalism is a system of lies. It is founded in lies, continues by lies and encourages lying. Competition, with profit as the incentive and the private ownership and control of the means and opportunities of life as the goal breeds and harbors liars, thieves and corruptionists as naturally as a bog does mosquitoes.** As in olden times, so today, it leads men to "build up Zion with blood and Jerusalem with iniquity. And the heads of the nation to judge for reward, the priests to teach for hire, and the prophets to divine for money," and to lying claim that "they lean upon Jehovah" and insolently ask "Is not Jehovah in the midst of us?" It corrupts men and converts them into mis-representatives of the Truth, Religion, Law, Justice, Merchandise or whatever wares they peddle for gain. Capitalism is a "gum-shoe" government and follows "dark-lantern" methods. The mark of secrecy covers it. It loves darkness rather than light, because its deeds are evil; because if half of the truth of its inner corrupt working were known it would cause a revolution that would end in its death.

Last February, before the American Periodical Publishers' Association, at Philadelphia, Mr. Robert La Follette uttered the following significant words: "One would think that in a democracy like ours, seeking for instruction, able to read and understand, the press would be their eager and willing instructors—such was the press of Horace Greely, Henry Raymond, Charles A. Dana, Joseph Medill and Horace Rublee.

"But what do we find has occurred in the last few years since the money power has gained control of our industry and government? It controls the newspaper press. The people know this. Their confidence is weakened and destroyed. No longer are the editorial columns of newspapers a potent force in educating public opinion. The newspapers, of course, are still patronized for news. But even as to news, the public is fast coming to understand that whatever news item bears in any way upon the control of the government by business, the news is colored; so confidence in the newspaper as a newspaper is being undermined.

"Cultured and able men are still to be found upon the editorial staffs of all great dailies, but the public understands them to be hired men who no longer express honest judgments and sincere conviction, who write what they are told to write, and whose judgments are salaried."

Collier's Weekly for March, 1912, contains a symposium on "What Public Men Think of the Newspapers." We quote a portion of what four of the ten writers say on the subject. Dr. Charles W. Elliot, former President of Harvard University, says this: "By far the worst aspect of the newspaper profession is that it is not free. No man ought to select for a life work an occupation in which he would be likely to have very little freedom. To an educated man especially this ought to be the greatest consideration of all. Harvard men in journalism, editors and others, have often told me that they are not free, that their opinions are largely controlled by the counting-house. One instance was the refusal of the Boston press to publish a court verdict against a manufacturer of an adulterated article—that manufacturer being an advertiser in the newspapers. A reporter on one of the most respectable of these papers attempted to get the story in. He failed, but soon afterward the newspaper published a large advertisement of the condemned manufacturer. Patent medicine proprietors still control the opinions of many newspapers on all subjects which could possibly affect the patent medicine business."

Hon. William J. Gaynor, mayor of New York, had this to say:

"Do the New York newspapers give the news without suppressing or shading? Most of them do not. They not only suppress and shade, but they will take a thing and cut sentences out of it so as actually to construct a forged utterance. They will put in quotation marks a thing you never said. They will invent things you never said.

"Do the political aspiration of their owners determine their course? Most certainly. The newspaper proprietor with political aspiration and a bad heart becomes a mere cutthroat and assassin.

"Does advertising affect newspapers as public organs? Yes. There are certain large concerns here in this city who do large advertising in certain newspapers. You could not get a thing derogatory to them published in these newspapers, not even that there was a suicide in their places.

"Are the newspapers accurate? That almost makes me laugh. In the newspapers to which I refer, I never see anything about myself—for instance, of my doings—which is accurate or even true."

Mr. Francis E. Waren, U. S. Senator from Wyoming, penned these words: "It sounds hard, but I think the press today is really degenerate. Of course, the newspapers are a great civilizing influence; we must have them, but just now they are deeply corrupt, degenerate, and in need of reform—trivial beyond expression. In the mad rush for sensation, everything decent in morals, taste and thought is ignored. If the press would only try to educate instead of to sell copies, there would be great hope."

All of these words are strong words, to be sure; and, considering they were utered from the housetop, brave words. But they are true; true no less of magazines and other lines of business than of the press. The press is not the only nor the chiefest sinner among the brethren. We are all tarred with the same stick. It is the logic, the inevitable of the cutthroat, tooth-and-nail, race-to-the-swift, spoil-to-the-strong system under which we live. The character of the tree is manifest in its fruit. We live for gain. Honesty is the best policy—when it costs us nothing.

Do you want truth to rule? Then kill capitalism. Do you want man to be absolutely truthful in every walk of life and every day of the week? Then make him, whether in pulpit, in congress, in mart, on the bench, or at the desk, in speech or in print, economically independent. Substitute co-operation for competition; collective ownership and control for private ownership and control. Socialism is the only cure for the ills of Capitalism. The adoption of Socialism is absolutely necessary to the complete triumph of all Christian virtues.

SOCIALISM AND PRAYER

We have a heartbreaking appeal for advice from a dear wife who is grieving because of the indifference of her husband to spiritual things. He does not believe in prayer, and; like thousands of others, has no confidence in the church.

What can we say to lighten her heart and encourage her to hope and life? We cannot defend the church in its present position, though there is much in it which we need and which we cannot dispense with.

As to prayer, we can only give our own personal experience and say that we believe in prayer, and if we did not have resource to prayer, feel that we would break down and fail utterly; our heart runs out after the things of the spirit, and we consider spiritual food as necessary to the well being of man as mind, sight or hearing. We say to you, dear wife, if you believe in prayer and believe in Christ, just keep on praying for your husband; let the spirit of Christ live and reign in your heart, be patient, be kind, be loving.

Many husbands will read this, and each will think it was his wife who wrote, for "The guilty fleeth when no man pursueth." You go to church with your poor wife. Do like Sam Jones' old cow: If you don't like all that is said, eat the hay and leave the briars. God lives and loves and He seeks to bring us to a knowledge of Himself. Science and the Universe show forth the hand of God. Jesus Christ, the Son, reveals Him as a loving and tender Father; pray with your wife, encourage her to read the Bible and live a Christian life. You seek to know the true God and He will reveal Himself to you as a great and loving Father. A little knowledge disproves God, but deep scientific research and study prove God to be true.—A. F. M.

That Forward, March! spirit of the Socialist Crusaders is catching, and it is a wholesome cure for blue days and pessimism. Get it.

THE CLOSING DAYS OF THE 10 DAYS' SPRING CAMPAIGN

And though I have heard the distress call of my friend, the **Christian Socialist**, I have not put forth the least effort to do what I was asked. O, I am so glad there is chance yet, but I must hurry, for it closes in a few days.

Here is a quarter. Here is a name to the **Christian Socialist**.